

*The History of*

for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better: cushman, mortall men, mortall men.

*West.* I, but, sir John, methinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

*Fal.* Faith; for their pouerty, I know not where they had that and for their barenelle, I am sure they neuer learne that of me. *Prim.* No, Ile besworne, ynlesse you cal three fingers on the ribs bare: but sirra make hast, Percy is already in the field. *Exe.*

*Fal.* What, is the king in campe?

*West.* He is, sir Iohn, I feare we shal stay too long.

*Fal.* Well, to the later end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene guest. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.*

*Hot.* Weele fight with him to night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Doug.* You giue him then aduantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

*Wor.* Good coosin be aduise, stir not to night.

*Ver.* Do not, my Lord.

*Doug.* You do not counsell well:

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas, by my life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my life;

If well respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weake feare,

As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues:

Let be seene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

*Yea or to night.* *Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To night say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition: certaine horse

Of my coosin Vernons are not yet come vp,

Your

*Henry the fourth.*

Your Vncle Worcesters horses came but to day;

And now their pride and mettall is a sleepe.

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

*Hot.* So are the horses of the enemy,

In generall iorney-bated and brought low.

The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the King exceedeth ours.

For Gods sake, Coosin, stay till al come in.

*The trumpet sounds a parley. Enter sir Walter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the King.

If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

*Hot.* Welcom, sir Walter Blunt: and would to God

You were of our determination;

Some of vs loue you well, and euen those some

I nuy your great desertings and good name;

Because you are not of our qualitie;

But stand against vs like an enemy.

*Blunt.* And God defend, but stil I should stand for

So long as out of limit and true rule.

You stand against anointed Maiestie;

But to my charge. The king hath sent to know

The nature of your greiues, and wheretupon

You coniure from the breast of ciuill peace;

Such bold hostilitie, teaching his dutious land

Audacious cruelty. If that the King

Haue any way your good deserts forgot;

Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your grieuces, and with all speede;

You shall haue your desires, with interest

And pardon absolute for your selfe, and these

Herein mislead by your suggestion.

*Hot.* The King is kind: and well we know, the king

Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay:

My father, my vncle, and my selfe;

Did giue him that same royaltie he weares;

And when he was not fixe and twenty strong,

Sickin the worldes regard, wretched and low,

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